

## The Tragedie

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,  
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie  
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions  
Are daily giuen to enoble those,  
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.

*Qu.* By him that raide me to this carefull height,  
From that contented hap which I enioyed,  
I neuer did incense his Maiestie  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene  
An earnest aduocat to pleade for him.  
My Lord, you do me shamfull iniurie,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may denie that you were not the cause,  
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

*Ren.* She may my Lord.

*Glo.* She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not so?  
She may doe more sir then denying that:  
She may help you to many faire preferments,  
And then denie her ayding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high deserts.  
What may she not? she may, yea marrie may she.

*Ren.* What marry may she?

*Glo.* What marry may she? marry with a King  
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.  
I wis your Grandam had w orser match.

*Q.* My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne  
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,  
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,  
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.  
I had rather be a countrey seruant mayd,  
Then a great Queene with this condition,  
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at  
Smal ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margret.*

*Q. Mar.* And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,  
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.

*Glo.* What? threat you me with telling of the King?  
Tell him and spare not, looke what I sayd,  
I will auouch in presence of the King:  
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.

*Enter Qu.*

*Q. M.*

of Rich

*Qu. Mar.* Out diuel, I re  
Thou slewest my husband H  
And Edward my poore sonne

*Glo.* Ere you were queene,  
I was a pack-horse in his grea  
A weeder out of his proud ad  
A liberall rewarder, of his frie  
To royalize his blood I split

*Qu. Mar.* Yea, and mauch

*Glo.* In all which time, you  
were factious for the house o  
And Riuers, so were you. Wa  
In Margarets battale at Saint  
Let me put in your minde, i  
what, you haue bene ere now  
Withall, what I haue bene, an

*Qu. Mar.* A murtherous

*Glo.* Poore Clarence did fo  
Yea and forswore himselfe (

*Qu. Mar.* Which God reu

*Glo.* To fight on Edwards,  
And for his meede (poore L  
I would to God my heart we  
Or Edwards soft and pittifull  
I am too childish foolish for t

*Qu. Mar.* Hie thee to hell  
Thou Cacodemon, there thy

*Ri.* My Lord of Gloucester  
Which here you vrge to pro  
We followed then our Lord,  
So should we you, if you sho

*Glo.* If I should be? I had r  
Farre be it from my heart the

*Qu. Mar.* As little ioy (m  
You should enioy, were you t  
As little ioy may you, suppose  
That I enioy being the Quee

*Qu. Mar.* A litle ioy enioy  
For I am she, and altogether